

Mania by The Readers Muse

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Summary: It was funny how some things only came back to you after the fact.

Mania

Disclaimer: I don't own Netflix's "Stranger Things." Everything belongs to whoever owns them, my wishful thinking aside.

Authors Note #1: This is just pure filthy porn, so jot that down. This is set post series when Jonathan, Steve and Nancy are in their early twenties and past the age of consent. – Written for caryldixonandgrimes.

Warnings: mild sexual content, adult language, age gap, aged-up Jonathan, aged-up Steve, aged-up Nancy, post series, younger man/older man, older man/younger woman, foursome, nudity, vampires, vampirism, blood and gore, blood drinking, minor character death.

Mania

It was funny how some things only came back to you after the fact.

Like the way Byers, Nancy and Harrington had been solid and real around him when he'd woken up in the dirt with the taste red in his mouth. Realizing that somewhere along the line he must have gone a little wild as his nails dug deep into the loamy soil. He distinctly remembered cracking a cautious lid into the filtered blue of the forest canopy as the three of them breathed deeply. Moving softly against one another - sleepy and quiet like breathing litter.

The rest of the world came back to him in fractions as he blinked - unsettled - through the understanding that he was stark naked underneath the trailing tangle of dirty limbs. That there were hands, arms and thighs splayed over more skin than he was strictly comfortable sharing with more than one partner.

What had he been doing before all this?

Could he even remember?

Everything was hazy.

Clouded.

There'd been a call.

A report of a suspicious car abandoned on Cornwallis and Kerley.

That road the kids called 'Mirkwood.'

Joyce had-

"He's awake," Steve hummed from somewhere above his head. Something that would've made him jump if his limbs hadn't been all seized up on him. Refusing to move the way he wanted them to as a muscle in his forearm twitched wearily. He licked his lips as the bodies on either side of him shifted. Cock twitching traitorously as young, soft skin glided sinfully over his.

"Water...I need-"

The ragged quality of his voice shocked him back to an immediate silence. Feeling like he was wading through molasses every time he tried to move away. Levering himself up on his elbows as the muscles on his arms trembled, traitorous and weak.

He felt like he'd gotten hit by a-

"You don't need water," Nancy told him softly, freckles stark through a smear of red that'd dried across her face like arterial splatter. Propping herself up on her elbows against the side of his chest, small breasts hanging lushly across the crux where his arm met his torso. The rosy-pink of her nipple - all peaked and pleased - resting easy against his arm as she teased her finger in a widening whirl just below the jut of his collarbone.

What?

How?

When?

But the alarm-bells that were going off were muted somehow. Realizing with a start that he wasn't even *trying* to get away as she dipped her head and dragged the plush of her lower lip down his side. Threatening teeth that seemed just a bit too sharp to be real.

Licking kittenish at the salt of old sweat as it tugged on the outside of his skin like a layer he needed to shed.

"Please," he said again, tripping over broken syllables as Jonathan rolled closer, watching him with dark eyes as his world threatened to condense on him, stringing attention to the three kids surrounding him and nothing else. Stuck between discomfort and need as the blunt of his fingers ached from where they were dug into the moist earth. "I need-"

His tongue clicked sluggish and thick in his mouth. So parched that the dryness actually stung. Heart aching in his chest like the precursor to a heart attack. Something was wrong. He felt-

"We know what you need, sheriff," Harrington almost sing-songed. Smug but excited as he rubbed the rough of his heel onto his inner thigh. Giving him a shameless view of his fattening cock as the kid nearly preened under the attention. "You know, you've lasted longer than we figured you would, you slept like the dead after we drained you. Maybe we took a bit too much- you aren't turning as fast as we did. Christ, but you tasted damn good though- didn't he, Nance?"

"Mmmmmhmmmm," the girl agreed, watching him with sloe-eyes as Jonathan draped himself across her back, long fingers combing through her hair as they watched him with eerie, flickering pupils.

His body felt like a crash-test reject.

Bruised and splintering with a growing, full-bodied pain.

"What...what did you do to me?"

Because they had.

But they didn't answer.

They just watched.

He frowned.

Realizing the feeling was changing underneath his skin in real time.

Shifting.

Evolving.

Until, quite suddenly, he was *burning alive*.

He thrashed out, finally breaking free of the weighing fog as he flung himself out of reach with a snap he felt all the way to the marrow. Every fucking cell in his body *screaming* as he somehow managed to ignore the fact that he'd flung himself back an impossible twelve feet.

"There he goes," Steve commented easily. Stretching out across the forest floor as the three of them watched him openly. Skin blended with dirt and blood, limbs tangled and restless. The worst part was how easy it looked. How enticing. *How right*. Like it was an intimacy he was only on the cusp of understanding.

He gagged when the sudden taint of red flooded the inside of his mouth. Coating his tongue as he swallowed instinctively rather than spat it out. Conflicting emotions causing him to almost choke on it as a thin dribble escaped the seam of his lips and trickled down his skin. Gums aching like-

"Why?" he demanded, rasping weakly through a thickening cough.

"Because you're ours," Jonathan told him simply, like it was obvious. "Nancy was the first. We figured it was something in the Upside Down that did it. Something that changed her all slow like, until years later it just sorta snuck up on her. Like a second coming of age or something. She turned Steve and then they turned me. It was fine for a while but then- then we realized we weren't complete, not yet. You were the only one that smelled like home to all of us."

"Yep, Nancy is our own personal Eve," Steve said with a grin, baring his teeth to show-

No.

He was hallucinating.

That couldn't be what it looked like.

This was just a bad trip.

He was going to wake up in a cold sweat any moment.

Ready to swear off pills, booze and god knows what he'd been doing forever.

That couldn't have possibly been-

He clutched at his mouth, panting through it when an arc of pain shattered through him again. Feeling the sharp of elongated canines flirting with the inside of his lips as they grazed across his tongue like something dangerous and barely tamed.

He hissed, howling wordlessly as his nails thickened into sharp talons. Somewhere between fight and flight as the three of them rose smoothly to their feet. Looming over him, naked and ethereal. Pale, bloodied and feral like what he figured the ancient gods would have looked like to the first men. Still- he warned them off. Curling in on himself as he tried to retreat. Getting caught against the trunk of a wide oak as they crouched down in front of him as one.

"You feel it though, don't you?" Nancy hummed, long hair kissing her shoulders in a wreath of untamed curls. Breasts swaying gently as Steve and Jonathan bracketed her. Tangling fingers behind the small of her back before nuzzling at either side of her throat.

"You don't know what it is, but you *want it*," Jonathan continued, tossing back the strings of his hair as a dark grin made tracks across his face. Doing nothing to mask the sudden, muffled cry that issued behind them before they parted to let him see.

"It was the same for us," Steve echoed, watching the reveal as Marissa, the librarian, stared at him with panicked eyes. Blood-shot, gagged and tied firm to the trunk of a tree on the far corner of the clearing. Long brown hair falling over her face in tacky waves of sweat and red. Throat especially bloody where twinned holes glowed starkly from the crown of her throat.

Christ, had they- had they bit her?

He licked his lips, barely hearing her cries, before something in him

recoiled again.

"What- what did you do to me?" he gritted, letting go of a snarling rattle that would have shocked him if he was really paying attention. Too distracted by the sight and smell of the woman tied up against the tree as the three smiled knowingly.

"We made you," Nancy told him, almost kindly as she extended her hand and slowly- so slowly eased him to his feet. "Shhhh, it's okay. I know what you're feeling. I know you feel like you need to fight it, but you don't. It will all make sense, I promise."

Jonathan and Steve curled around him, handsy and close, helping him keep his balance as they brought him over to her. Ignoring the woman's muffled screams as she tried to say his name over and over. But the thing was, he couldn't hear it anymore. The rush of her blood was like an ancient song rising. A need he didn't know his life depended on until it was burning through him like liquid fire.

Christ, she smelled so good...

"We brought her for you," Steve told him, combing the sweaty hair off his forehead with an intimate hush. Letting their cocks brush before Nancy and Jonathan pressed close. Wanting their fair share. Nearly swallowing his own tongue when one of their hands found his cock and pumped lazily. "She tastes so good, Hopper. And she's yours. You already had her, didn't you? You fucked her, right? Why not have it all?"

He wanted.

Jonathan muffled his indignant hiss with his lips. Kissing him until the tart of two different brands of iron flooded freely in his mouth. Pleasure and hunger bursting like oxygen through dying nerve-ending as he found himself giving as good as he got. Trusting the others to keep him upright as he grabbed the kid by the throat and snarled into his skin. Forcing him still as all three purred their approval.

He needed.

"Quick study, isn't he, Nance?" Steve rumbled, ignoring Marissa when she tried to wrench herself out of reach when Nancy kicked out at her with a predatory sneer. Missing a shoe and a jacket as she trembled - cold or maybe it was just nerves. He'd forgotten he was supposed to care.

The air smelled like cracked pine and salt-tears above her head as he fell to his knees. Hushing through dead leaves and undergrowth as she whimpered and tried to pull away. Filling the air with the acidic scent of panic and fear, nothing like the sweet smells she'd left in his sheets that night she'd slept with him.

Instinct - new or otherwise - was a roaring animal under his skin. Helping him *breathe, move, live* in an entirely new way as he inched closer. Finding something to linger over when he caught sight of his reflection in her too wide eyes. Connecting to a level of awareness that'd been hidden from him as the world dropped under a red-lined haze. Making the rest simple as the others carded their hands through his hair, petting down his chest and flank as he dragged the blunt of his long nails down the curve of her face in open appreciation.

This was his now.

Everything was.

He understood now.

He lifted her with one arm, ignoring the warbling a scream as he snapped her head to the side with a splintering sound that only made him harden that much more against his thigh. Smearing warm blood down his front as his fangs found a home in the butter-soft of her throat.

And for the first time in his life, he felt *powerful*.

Like he could do anything.

Like he was finally *everything*.

And christ-

If this really was a dream, well- truth be told he had no interest in

waking up.

The others were wrapped around him, like the start was the finish, when he finally let the slack body drop. Letting them ease him down across the forest floor as they chased bloody kisses and wrestled lushly in the dew. Growling his approval when Nancy slipped on top of him and sank down on his cock in a single, breathtaking thrust. Tasting Steve and Jonathan on his lips as he gripped her hips and urged her faster, *deeper*. Teaching her what he liked as he savored the last of Marissa's taste - indulgent in the knowledge that it was only the first.

They had all of Hawkins for the pickings after all.

A/N: This story is now complete. Thank you for reading, please let me know what you think.

Reference:

- mania: obsessive love; experience great emotional highs and lows; very possessive and often jealous lovers